OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—*Shakspeare.*

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THE OBSERVER

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***The Publisher, also, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

POETRY.

[The following verses are said to have been written by the EARL OF OXFORD, about one hundred and fifty years since. We present them to our readers, from "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,*" in their original orthography.]

FANCY AND DESIRE.

Come hither shepherd's swayne:
"Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Desire?
"In pompe and pryme of may."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
"Fresh Youth in sugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers tears."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beautye stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?
"Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease?
"Yes, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delighte to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye?
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
"Ten thousand times a day."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for me;
I shoulde be lothe, methinks, to dwelle
With such a one as thee.

A SOLACE.

By Rev. J. Bretell, (Eng.)

'Tis sweet to think, that, when I die,
There's one will hold my languid head,
And let me on her bosom lie,
Till every breath of life is fled.

And when these beaming eyes shall close,
And lose, at last, their fading ray,
For ever fix'd in deep repose,
She'll watch beside my lifeless clay.

'Tis sweet to think, that, when I'm dead,
Her eye will pour its softest tear,
Her hand upon my green turf shed
The sweetest flow'rets of the year.

'Tis sweet to think we both shall lie,
Ere long, within one common tomb,
Till, from death's bonds released, we fly
To those blest realms beyond its gloom

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAUREL HILL.

"The bird within its silver cage
Dies while it sings ——"

The marriage supper was spread in the large room of the fine mansion of the De Bergs, on Laurel Hill, and amid the bustle of the guests, the merry glee which swelled around the smoking feast, the half-heard whispers of the well-paired guests, full of jocularity, and blended with winks, and nods and smiles, and the dashing of sparkling eyes, and the high beating of merry hearts giving promise of future festivals on like occasions, with the confusion of anxious servants, and loud commands of the gleeful host, who had just accomplished a union long planned and cherished in his paternal bosom, between his son Edward and the rich and beautiful Laura Clifford—amid this scene, I say, small space was left for sober contemplation, or speculative dreaming. But the eye that wandered to the new-made bride, might, through all the pomp and outward gaiety, even then, in that moment of consummated destiny, have discovered a secret on her brow that told of something unrevealed in the deep recesses of the unfathomable mind, and might have discovered it with less than common power of penetration.—A something indefinable, that would have brought to mind the tales of blighted love, and the heart's idolatrous affections sacraficed on the heartless altar of this world's idol, gold.

Edward De Berg had just returned from his travels in the east, and Laura from a boarding school in Philidelphia; they were both young; and but that Laura's calm and pensive air had awakened doubt, it might have been deemed a happy match—it was so, in all that related to outward interests, but the inward heart moves in another sphere, and is, in youth, often controled by other laws.

That Laura was unhappy, was soon written in characters to legible to be mistaken, on her once blooming cheek; but that she was kind and conscientious in her duties to her husband—that she labored day by day to make him happy was perceptible to all.—She strove to smooth her sorrows with the same care that she labored to smooth his brow from all disquietude. Her heart was too gentle, too full of tenderness to allow her to be, even the innocent cause of pain to others, and she would have buried her griefs for ever if she had had the power; she tried to be happy not for her own sake, but for his whose peace she had prized. But who can pluck the canker that preys on the bosom's inmost core, or stay the departing lustre of the cheek, when the heart supplies it no longer with health and animation? She faded; and the aged and experienced said her sun would go down before its meridian.

Her life, in one great and leading point of view, had already been unfortunate, but it was destined to be filled up by misfortunes of a still deeper and more romantic cast. Edward engaged in business that required the assistance of a clerk. A young gentleman, who it was said had arrived recently in the neighborhood from Virginia, was recommended to him, and he took him into his employ. He was a pretty, delicate youth, but about seventeen, and of a serious and pensive disposition, silent, retiring and attentive to the discharge of his duties; becoming an intimate of the house, he grew in the esteem of Mr. De Berg, and gained his most unlimited confidence; but thro'almost half a year it was noticed that he never spoke to Laura; that he avoided being in her presence as much as possible, and seemed sinking under a slow and withering disease of a kind unknown and unsearchable. He complained not; but kept his secret locked up in his own bosom, and remained as he was found—a companionless, solitary stranger. Though Laura regarded the friendless boy with a thousand little marks of silent kindness, she relaxed none of her habitual calm and tranquil thoughtfulness.

Thus matters stood, when one night the store of Edward was robbed of money to a considerable amount. De Berg's father loved not the contemplative, incommunicative boy; and Edward much under his influence, and naturally suspicious, at his parent's suggestions, charged the unfortunate youth with the robbery. Henry denied it, but took no pains to establish his innocence; he totally declined giving any account of his parentage or relatives, or place of birth, and this alone was deemed sufficient ground for his commitment. He bowed to the authority which arrested him, and wore the same brow of unsubdued reserve to the gloomy vault of the criminals at the country town. The Gaoler would have allowed him privileges, but he asked for, he would accept of none. It was early in autumn now, and night after night he was seen at the window of his cell gazing on the pale moon as she rose over the seared foilage of the forest, and watching the stars follow each other through the clear blue sky. One night he was missed from the window, and in the morning he was found with his hand reclining on his head in a corner of the cell—his spirit had departed—he was pale and cold. A pencil and paper lay beside him, on which was written, "Have you forgot poor Anthony Dunbar?"

It was sent to Alesbury. It was shown to Laura. His fate excited interest, but his character remained inexplicable—for a few weeks after the real robber was discovered and many tears shed over the memory of poor Anthony, for for that was now supposed to have been his name.

The winter season now rapidly approached, and Laura was destined to go down to the clods of the valley, before the spring returned to spread life and beauty over the cold inhabitants of decay and death. She sunk hour by hour, the victim of a fevered mind in its action too powerful for her weak and delicate frame, till at length from the fond arms of an adoring husband, from the anxious and unceasing assiduities of affectionate parent relatives and friends and from the lap of wealth where kindness ministered to each little want—she sunk into the grave. I saw her a week before she died; the paleness of death sat upon her cheek, but her fair form had not lost its angelic symmetry; she was an object full of interest. But even then, complained not, she sat in her little parlor among her more healthy flowers and looked as calm, resigned, and patient as ever.

Before the spring time arrived, it was ascertained that the sad, and melancholy, and unfortunate Henry, whose real name was Anthony Dunbar, was the son of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia whose romantic love for Laura began in that city, had led him to leave clandestinely his family and locate himself in Alesbury, whence accident transferted him to De Berg's own house.—Here he had pined away in the sight of what he could not hope to enjoy, until intense suffering had led him to throw away his life. And Laura's passion for him and her grief for his misfortunes, while out of regard to the feelings of her husband, she concealed both from every human eye, had thus ruined her happiness, and brought her to an early grave. And thus it is with young and fervent and fearful love, the more strong its power, the more careful is, generally, its concealment. It retires within the heart from all outward parade and show, and there burns, and burns, still stronger as hope perishes—still fiercer as time flows on, until it wears out the feeble strings of life, and perishes, amid the ruins of its last and most powerful struggles.—*Trenton Emporium.*

THE SEASONS.

——— I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
Of nature, ever open; aiming thence
Warm from the heart to learn the moral song.

Persons of reflection and sensibility contemplate with interest the scenes of nature. The changes of the year impart a color and character to their thoughts and feelings.—When the seasons walk their round, when the earth buds, the corn ripens, and the leaf falls, not only are the senses impressed, but the mind is instructed; the heart is touched with sentiment, the fancy amused with visions. To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitude of seasons conveys a proof and exhibition of the wise and benevolent contrivance of the Author of all things.

When suffering the inconveniences of the ruder parts of the year, we may be tempted to wonder why this rotation is necessary; why we could not be constantly gratified with vernal bloom and fragrance, or summer beauty and profusion. We imagine that, in a world of our creation, there would always be a blessing in the air, and flowers and fruits on the earth. The chilling blast and driving snow, the desolated field, withered foilage, and naked tree, should make no part of the scenery which we would produce. A little thought, however, is sufficient to show the folly, if not impiety of such distrust in the appointments of the great Creator.

The succession and contrast of the seasons give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings, whose happiness is connected with the exertion of their faculties. With our present constitution and state, in which impressions on the senses enter so much into our pleasures and pains, and the vivacity of our sensations is affected by comparison, the uniformity and continuance of a perpetual spring would greatly impair its pleasing effect upon our feelings.

The present distribution of the several parts of the year, is evidently connected with the welfare of the whole, and the production of the greatest sum of being and enjoyment.—That motion in the earth, and change of place in the sun, which cause one region of the globe to be consigned to cold, decay, and barrenness, impart to another heat and life, fertility and beauty. Whilst in our climate the earth is bound with frost, and the chilly smothering snows are falling, the inhabitants of another behold the earth first planted with vegetation and apparelled in verdure, and those of a third are rejoicing in the appointed weeks of harvest.

Each season comes, attended with its benefits, beauties, and pleasures. All are sensible to the charms of spring. Then the senses are delighted with the feast, that is furnished on every field, and on every hill. The eye is sweetly delayed on every object to which it turns. It is graceful to perceive how widely, yet chastely, nature hath mixed her colors and painted her robe; how bountifully she hath scattered her blossoms and flung her odours. We listen with joy to the melody she hath awakened in the groves, and catch health from the pure and tepid gales that blow from the mountains.

When the summer exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendor; when the succeeding season offers its 'purple stores and golden grain,' or displays its blended and softened tints; when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labors which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compensating for the want of attractions abroad by fire-side delights and home-felt joys; in all this interchange and variety we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons.

We are passing from the finer to the ruder portions of the year. The sun emits a fainter beam, and the sky is frequently overcast.—The gardens and fields have become a waste, and the forests have shed their verdant honors. The hills are no more enlivened with the bleating of flocks, and the woodland no longer resounds with the song of birds.—In these changes we see evidences of our instability, and images of our transitory state.

'So flourishes and fades majestic man.'

Our life is compared to a falling leaf.—When we are disposed to count on protracted years, to defer any serious thoughts of futurity, and to extend our plans through a long succession of seasons; the spectacle of the 'fading, many-coulered woods,' and the naked trees, affords a salutary admonition of our frailty. It should teach us to fill the short year of our life, or that portion of it which may be allotted to us, with useful employments and harmless pleasures; to practice that industry, activity, and order, which the course of the natural world is constantly preaching.

Let not the passions blight the intelect in the spring of its advancement; nor indolence nor vice canker the promise of the heart in the blossom. Then shall the summer of life be adorned with moral beauty; the autumn yeild a harvest of wisdom and virtue; and the winter of age be cheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future.

[*Monthly Anthology.*]

CURIOUS SUICIDE. A short time since a poor man, a native of Ireland, having had a quarrel with his wife, threw himself into the river and was drowned. The following curious account of his death, written by himself, was found in his apartment:

"As I know the people that will find my carcass is curious about the cause of my death, which is something out of the way, I'll give them all the satisfaction in my power about it, as I know the whole matter from beginning to end, the more my misfortune in marrying a bad wife, that was never pleased but when she was angry with me, and scolded me out of my life.

"It may be reported, as the world is greatly given to lying, that I died by accident—but that is a mistake, for I threw myself into the water and so killed myself and as the little that's left of my substance is not much, I hope there will be no quarrelling about it. I give all the money that may be found in my breeches pocket to Betty M'Kenzie. My wife said that I had unlawful doings with her, but that's a lie of her own inventing, and if I was alive I would say it to her face. As for my wife she must provide for herself, as I mean in future to give her nothing. I had enough to do to maintain her during my life, and I am sure I'll not trouble my head about her now I am dead. I forgive all the world except my wife—but I don't know rightly where I shall go, but I am very easy about it, as I got absolution slyly to day, without the Priest knowing what I had in my head.

"I bore an indifferent good character while I was alive, and would have knocked the biggest man down that dared to say a word against it; but now I am dead they may say what they please, but the devil reward 'em for their pains. I die in charity with every body, except my wife, and wish well to all who had a regard to me, and don't care a quid of tobacco where they bury me:—I was divided between hanging and drowning, but at last resolved upon the way I have taken, as I thought it was not so vulgar as the other, for they hang theives, heretics and murderers but never drown them. So I depart this life in the 38th year of my age, without wincing, grumbling or whining—but like a man—of my own free motion and chioce, being at all times a good christian, with full assurance of going to heaven, where I shall laugh at my wife and the devil."

Political Economy.—We have often had occasion to remark, what we now repeat, that the science of political economy is nothing more than the plain, substantial, homespun fire side maxims of ordinary life, expanded to the dimensions of kingdoms, empires, and states. In fact, from the nature of the case, this science can be nothing more. Empires and states, as well as families, are but collections of individuals; and the same principles of industry, foresight, and thrift, which apply to man in his intercourse with man, apply also to states in their intercourse with kingdoms and states. We know that about these plain doctrines a veil of pompous phraseology and of mysterious import has been drawn, as if to hide these pungent truths from ordinay eyes; but as a full answer to all such learned dogmas, it is worthy of remark, that farmers, merchants, and mechanics, men who never read Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, or Raymond's Political Economy, or a single chapter in any such treatise, become able and expert politicians; for under their legislation their country flourishes and prospers. Every day's experience convinces us of this fact, that we may read laboriously, remember much and learn little. The application of the domestic maxims, of prudence and economy to the government of nations, practically unfolds, expands, and enlarges, that strong, substantial and unsophisticated good sense, that is the basis of all intercourse between man and man. This course of conduct, connects the government of a family with the government of a state.

Balt. Chronicle.

Recognizing an old Acquaintance.—Two pedestrian travellers having very harmoniously passed through Pennsylvania, arrived together at Philadelphia, and, while sitting at a tavern, drinking, one of them suddenly darted his hand into the breeches pocket of the other, snatched his watch and money, and ran off. The fleeced traveller unable to overtake his roguish companion, left Philadelphia for this city, and enjoying the Fourth of July in a manner rather riotous, he was taken up and put into Bridewell; when, lo and behold, among a hundred fellow prisoners, he recognised the thief, his companion through Pennsylvania, who had been also imprisoned for similar disorders. He gave the alarm, and upon searching, his watch was found; and thus, by being imprisoned himself he recovered the most valuable part of his stolen property.

Nat. Adv.

OBSERVER.

PARIS....THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1824.

NEUTRALITY ON THE PRESIDENCY.

At this time, the people seem to be much agitated with the approaching election of President and Vice-President of the United States. There is scarce a paper that comes to hand, which is not decidedly in favor of one of the candidates, and equally opposed to the others. As we have adopted *neutral ground*, we shall watch, with assiduous attention, this contest and "war of words," and, from time to time, give the result to our readers—at the same time, our columns are open for the free discussion of the merits of any of the candidates for the Presidency; and we are of opinion, that our paper, conducted in this manner, will be of more utility to the public, than it would be were we to embrace either side of this contest, and devote our *feeble talents* to its support.

FOURTH OF JULY TOASTS.

We continue, in this day's paper, our extracts from the sentiments delivered on the late annual anniversay of the noble epoch which gave birth to the American Republic. In some places the number given was very voluminous, and their character generally indicates that a "*wide-awake*" spirit universally prevailed all o'er the country. Some of those below are from the accounts of the celebration at Washington, and Philadelphia. The celebration on board the steam-boat Oliver Elsworth was at Hartford, Con. and the account is copied from the American Mercury.

The Fair Sex.—Theirs the task to reward valor and virtue—ours to protect, love, and admire them.

The Press.—Its *impressions* have *squabbled* the *columns* of despotism, and thrown the *forms* of priest-craft into *pi*.

The Fair.—Ever best treated by the brave—may Columbians never loose that character by neglecting them.

Our Country—Its *position in line* freedom, its *formation* of twenty-four *divisions* in *close column*, ready to resist any *attack* against its principles.

Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures.—May they *march* together in *quick time*, and neither be *supported* to the injury of the others.

The American fair.—They lay *Siege* to our hearts and *conquer* our affections.

The following toasts were drunk at a Shoemakers' meeting in Georgetown, D. C.

May the U. States stick together like *wax* and the *seal* of the Constitution *last* forever without *tacks*.

Albert Gallatin—A *seal stitched* to Wm. H. Crawford as an *upper*, would make a boot which would just fit the nation.

John Q. Adams—Let him only *wax* patient; he has *awl* that is required to gain his *end*.

Battle of New Orleans—The American *bristles* not adapted to the British *ends*—they pricked poor "booty."

Air—*I did na' think you'd sarve me so.*

A. B. Plot—An old story new *vamped*.

The Fair Sex—May they always be *stitched* to good *soals*.

NARRATIVE TOAST. The following toast was given at the late celebration in Concord, N. H. We record it for the benefit of historians. *Salem Gaz.*

By Doctor Carr. His Excellency David Lawrence Morrill—May he never forget the lesson taught him by his worthy Grandfather, who divided his Clock Weights into many portions, to be administered to mother Britain to facilitate the birth of the day we now celebrate.

STEAM-BOAT CELEBRATION.

The forty-eighth anniversary of our National Independence has been celebrated throughout the country, with unusual spirit and eclat. A respectable number of citizens of this place celebrated the day on board the Steam-Boat Oliver Elsworth. The following are the regular toast drank on the occasion. The volunteer sentiments have not been handed us for publication.

1. *The Day we celebrate.*—May its annual return find us in quiet the possession of our Laws, our Liberties and Religion.

2. *The Declaration of American Independence.*—Like the rays of the Sun upon the Earth, the light and vigour of its sentiments, will yet produce innumerable blessings to the human race.

3. *The Constitution of the U. S.*—The lights of reason, and the experience of ages were combined to rear the noblest fabric of human wisdom.

4. *Memory of* WASHINGTON.

5. Gen. LA FAYETTE—who left the bosom of his family to assist at the birth of our Independence; should he visit our shores he will receive the cordial salutations of grateful freemen.

6. *Our* COUNTRY—Free, prosperous and happy: in the political disentions, which may agitate her, may her Sons never forget her exalted destiny.

7. *The President of the U. S.*

8. *Our next President.*—Let him be selected for his talents, firmness, and enlightened and liberal views.

9. *South America.*—May she be as happy in her independence, as she was wretched in her servitude.

10. *National Industry.*—A permanent source of wealth, may our habits never be exchanged for indolence and luxury.

11. CONNECTICUT.—Though small in territory and population, the rays of her intelligence and virtue, shine through every region of our Country.

12. *The Memory of* ROBERT FULTON.—By whose ingenuity we are propelled through the delightful scenery which surrounds us.

13. *The American* FAIR.—"They need not the foreign aid of ornament, but when unadorned are adorned the most."

CASUALTIES BY LIGHTNING.

On Monday evening last, we experienced a very heavy shower of rain, attended by the most vivid lightning. It struck the barn belonging to Mr. David Twitchell, of this town; tore one corner of it to pieces, and set it on fire—but, by the timely exertions of Mr. T. it was fortunately extinguished.

We also understand that Mr. Samuel Megquire, of Poland, was killed instantly by lightning on Thursday last.

Beat this, who can? Thos. Crocker, Esq. has grown on his farm, in this town, the present season, *one hundred and twenty-four stalks of Rye from one kernel.* One stalk had two heads, making 125 heads; the second head was perfect, projecting from the stalk just below the top one. This cluster was, by accident, partially destroyed, and the exact increase, therefore, unknown. But one of the remaining heads numbered fifty kernels; if that be taken as a fair sample, it would yield the astonishing increase of *six thousand two hundred and fifty fold.*

CUMBERLAND COUNTY CONVENTION.

We have received a handbill, giving and account of the Republican Convention, holden at Gray. Our limits will not permit us to give a detailed account of the proceedings. We present, however, the following brief extract.

Agreeably to public notice, a Convention of Democratic Republicans, from the several towns in Cumberland County, was holden at Gray, on the 22d of July, 1824. SILAS ESTES, Esq. of *Westbrook*, was chosen *Chairman*, and General RICHARD T. DUNLAP, of *Brunswick, Secretary.* The Convention having been organized, and a list of the several towns in the county called over, it appeared there were 44 Delegates present, representing 21 towns.

Voted, to ballot for three candidates to represent Cumberland County in the Senate, of this State the ensuing political year—*Robert P. Dunlap*, of Brunswick, *Josiah Dunn Jr.* of Poland, *James C. Churchill*, of Portland, were accordingly selected.

Voted, to ballot for a candidate for Representative to Congress. *John Anderson*, of Portland, was selected.

Voted, to ballot for a candidate for an Elector of President and Vice-President of the United States for this Electoral District. *Allen H. Cobb*, of Durham, was selected.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, That this Convention approve of the nomination, made by the democratic republican members of the Legislature, of ALBION K. PARRIS for Governor of this State for the ensuing political year and recommend him accordingly to the suffrages of their fellow citizens.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, That this Convention approve of the nomination, by the democratic republicans of our State Legislature, of JOSHUA GAGE *of Augusta, and* WILLIAM CHADWICK, *of Portland*, for *Electors at large*, of President and Vice President of the United States.

VOTED to take the sense of the Convention *by ballot*, for suitable candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. Whereupon a ballot was taken as follows. Whole number of ballots 40. *For President*, WILLIAM H CRAWFORD had 39—JOHN Q. ADAMS 1. *For Vice President*, ALBERT GALLATIN had 39—JOHN C. CALHOUN 1.

SILAS ESTES, *Chairman.*
RICHARD T. DUNLAP, *Secretary.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We, this day, present our readers with some of the views of "CATO" on the system of holding *caucuses*. As we know him to be a "friend to his country," our columns are open for others to express their sentiments on this subject.

"CIMON" is received, and he has our thanks for his favor. It will appear next week.

"VIATOR" is entitled to, and has our acknowledgments for his productions. Nothing but a want of room excludes his last favor from appearing in this paper.

The favors of "QUARLES" are always welcome.

The lines of "OITHONA" were received with pleasure, and we doubt not but she can assist us with her muse.

The "OXFORD POET" is also received. We shall give him place next week.

"FANCY" is not destitute of merit, but we do not *discover the point* at which he aims. Should he be pleased to favor us with his talents on a *little* different subject we should take it as a kindness.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, by Asa Barton, Esq. *Mr. Isaac Fuller*, to *Miss Lydia Holmes.*

In Hartford, by C. Holland, Esq. *Mr. James Brown*, of Canton, to *Miss Mary Thompson*, of Hartford.

In Dixfield, *Mr. Syril Smith*, of Readfield, to *Mrs. Lucy Trask*, of Dixfield.

DIED.

In Dixfield, Harris, son of Isaac Newman, aged 3 years.

In Hamlin's Grant, Mrs. Nabby Buck.

In New-Haven, Con. Lieut. Timothy Mix, aged 85. He served in the campaign against Canada in the year 1775 as Surgeon's Mate. He was a man possessed of true courage and bravery, and served during the revolution as an officer of merit, and was distinguished by several acts of gallantry.

OXFORD NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

AT LARGE.

Hon. Thomas Fillebrown,

OF WINTHROP, and

Hon. James Campbell,

OF HARRINGTON.

OXFORD ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Benjamin Chandler,

OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

OXFORD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Enoch Lincoln.

OF PARIS.

FOR SENATORS TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

OXFORD COUNTY.

Hon. Cornelius Holland,

OF CANTON, and

Hon. James W. Ripley,

OF FRYEBURG.

Hon. Joshua Gage,

OF AUGUSTA, and

Hon. William Chadwick,

OF PORTLAND,

are also in nomination for electors of President and Vice President, to be chosen at large.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SUMMER'S EVENING.

"The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Still hold reflection of his fire."

There are few seasons that we receive more cordially than the close of a sultry summer day. When its labors are ended, and the fierceness of its heat departed, it is with something more than mere pleasure that we sit down upon our thresholds and receive the cool breezes of evening upon our feverish and exhausted frames. When does music pour itself so sweetly upon the soul? and when do children so give themselves up to gaiety, and play their antic gambols upon the green? Every window is opened, every door stands ajar, and every person seems desirous to catch the cooling fragrance and wo it to an embrace. The vegetation, collapsed in the noon-tide heat, now partially expands itself, exhaling odour, and receiving upon its bosom the distilling dews of heaven. The breeze whispers through the rich foilage of the shrubbery, gently undulating the herbage that clusters beneath. The whip-poor-will begins his plaintive lay whilst his mate carols it so loudly in the clear heavens, and sweeps his course in such blithsome movements. What good man is there, that, at such a time, does not feel himself cheered in his thorny pilgrimage? What bad man that does not promise himself to grow better? And what lover that ever sued in vain? Our feelings receive a new impetus. The stripling glories in the freshness of his strength, as he puts it in competition with his fellows—the man of riper years walks abroad proudly in the maturity of his strength and intellect, listening with complacency to the whisperings of ambition and the dreams of enjoyment—the man of hoary locks, looks out upon this scene, and his vision dilates in the recollection of by-gone days, he gazes upon the crimson curtains of the west, and looks above him,

"Where seems as though some hand unfurl'd
A glittering standard to the world,
To scatter every pilgrim's fears,
To light his path, to dry his tears."

This is a season admirably adapted for sober contemplation, and to reciprocate social affections. The stillness of the world, the temperature of the atmosphere, the purity of the skies, all combine to harmonize the troubled affections, and pour into the soul a spirit of devotion. If we ever can reap fully the fruition of the gifts that God has scattered around us, it is at this time, when a sense of his goodness so fills the mind with feelings of gratitude and love.

QUARLES.

'CAUCUSING:

Whether useful or not? "that's the question."

In former times, when the Republicans in this State were a minority, there could be no doubt of the propriety of these meetings, whether public or private—the end was considered as fully sufficient to justify the means. If it was desirable to establish and maintain the republican principles, upon which our government was founded, in opposition to the intrigues of a party that had, at that time, gained the ascendency and actually held the reins of government, then it became the duty of all those who felt the necessity of supporting the admirable system of government, that the wisdom and virtue of our fathers had created for the welfare and happiness of their posterity, to make use of all fair and constitutional means to effect that object. But, even at that time caucusing was found to be attended with many great and weighty objections. It often proved to be the case, that they were got up merely by aspiring individuals, to enable them to accomplish some selfish purposes—to be elected to offices they could not expect to obtain by the unbiased suffrages of the people, and to which they were sometimes wholly incompetent.

In the scattered population of this State, these meetings were peculiarly objectionable, as the mass of the republicans could not be brought to attend them, and those who did, generally elected themselves into office, and those who did not, were accused of anti-republicanism and denounced if they dared to oppose any of their proceedings. It cannot, however, be said that Caucuses are not sometimes useful and almost indispensable. I am far from wishing to be understood as inimcal to their on *all* occasions; but only contend that they should be perfectly open; and that when othervise conducted, they often have been, and necessarily will be, an engine of oppression; highly dangerous to the equal rights of the people and tending strongly to subvert the republican principles we so highly estimate. But of all the various kinds of caucusing, that of Legislative bodies, is, in my mind, the most dangerous and ought by all to be resisted as an assumption of power not delegated to them by the constitution and most obviously at war with all its salutary provisions. The framers of our constitutions intended to erect the most effectual barriers against the influence of private interest, operating on our public characters in the discharge of their official duties; and, with that view, had, as they supposed, made the several branches of the government independent of each other. But if this system of Legislative caucusing is adopted and becomes equivalent to law, as it inevitably will if repeatedly sanctioned by the people, what then becomes of these barriers: these ramparts of democracy?—When our Presidents, our Governors, our Secretaries and our Generals find themselves dependant on our legislators for their election, or re-election, what have they to do but to court their suffrages by a compliance with their wishes? And what applicants for office will be so successful as those who hold in their hands an equivalent for favor? Will not our legislators, instead of attending to the public business, for which they were delegated, be seeking for employments, for themselves, or their friends, and bartering with our Presidents and Governors for the "loaves and fishes?" Mr. Jefferson has said we are not to expect Angels in the form of men to govern us, and every day's experience teaches us the truth of the remark. Could men, when chosen to fill the most important stations, to stand on the walls and defend the sacred dominions of freedom we inherit, divest themselves of all interested motives and look solely to the public good, these observations would be unnecessary; but knowing, as we do the frailty of poor human nature, it becomes the duty of republicans to guard with unsleeping vigilance every avenue by which their liberties may be invaded.

CATO.

To the Electors of the County of Oxford.

GENTLEMEN: You have seen a Report of the doings of the Oxford Convention holden at Paris, on the 9th day of June last. As the Editors of the Eastern Argus have denounced this report as a mere fabrication, I have thought it proper, from my particular relation to that affair, to state to you some of the few circumstances that took place at that Convention.

There were twenty delegates reported as regularly elected to attend on that occasion—one of them was not present.* The nomination of a candidate for an Elector of President and Vice-President for the District, was made by ballot. Judge CHANDLER had 14 votes, Gen. Hubbard one, W. C. Whitney, Esq. had two and there was one blank ballot.

The resolve for recommending Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell as Electors at large, was adopted by hand vote. The vote having been declared in the affirmative, and being disputed, the Chairman requested the gentlemen in favor of the motion to hold up their hands while they were counted, and then requested the Secretary (his sight being impaired) to count them. The Secretary counted ten hands up. The opponents being called for, the Secretary counted four hands up, and at the close of each enumeration, stated aloud the number that he might be corrected if he had erred. No objections were made. In this vote the Chairman and Secretary did not join. If they had, the former would no doubt have voted in the affirmative, and the latter, being specially instructed by his constituents to support the Adams candidates, would also, without regard to his private opinion, have voted in the affirmative. It is possible, but not probable, that I might have miscounted, as some of the lights at that time had expired, but not so but that any member of that body from their local situation, could have detected the error; and I am confident that two certain gentlemen, who were members, and both in the minority, and who are ever awake to their own rights, would not have let a mistake, if any, pass unnoticed.

The mind of this Convention, on the subject of the Presidential election, is as clearly indicated by the vote for the Elector of the District, as it could be by the resolution above named. Those who voted for Judge Chandler, did it under the assurance of gentlemen of the Convention who had conversed with him on that day, that he was decided for Mr. Adams.—Gen. Hubbard was well known to be strongly in favor of Mr. Adams. Mr. Whitney was known to be favorable to Mr. Crawford. Take the 14 votes for Judge C. the one for Gen. H. making 15, and there can remain but *four*, which will make up the number of Delegates present.

It is not from any fear that this uncivil and groundless accusation against us will be believed, that I make this statement; but that silence, after such a charge might not by any be misconstrued into an assent to the correctness of it. A good cause needs no such means to support it. The elevated character of the guardian of the Treasury stands not on such a rotten base; nor would he aspire to reach a higher situation at the sacrifice of truth and integrity.—Neither has the sterner virtues of a mightier statesman ought to fear from any groveling means used to undermine the substantial fabric of his reputation.

SAMUEL F. BROWN.

*This statement of the number of Delegates is made from recollection, the document (the report of the Committee) proving the number being lost.

PLEASING VARIETY.

EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.

Miseries of not knowing the shortest cut from Dublin to Paris.

An affair recently occurred in the vicinity of Dublin, which occasioned no small degree of bustle in the family of a worthy old sportsman, whom (not to publish names) we will call Mr. *Steeplechase*. Every body knows Miss *Biddy Steeplechase* squints a little, and has a bit of a hump upon her back, though not much more than the pretty sex all voluntarily assumed, when they first adopted the French fashion of sticking out their backs, and wearing coal-scuttle bonnets. But what did this signify to *Paddy O'Dandy*, a dapper little gentleman, who had discovered that Miss Biddy would have £10,000, when she came of age, independent of her papa.

Paddy put on all his charms; he mounted a new gilted watch chain with seals; brushed up his castor, leered, grinned, ogled and strutted. In short he so wriggled himself (as far as his stays would permit him to wriggle) into Miss Biddy's good graces, that she really fancied herself in love. Paddy made his approaches skilfully, and at length proposed his elopement to Gretna. Miss did not think the Blacksmith genteel, so Paddy was obliged to consent to run for Paris. The only question now was, to raise the wind. Paddy scraped, and begged, and borrowed—at last, by letting his old father into his scheme, contrived to squeeze out of his saving the needful for the excursion. When all was ready, Miss Biddy, under pretence of sickness, retired early one afternoon to her room, bolted the door, and then, with all the delightful and romantic joy of an elopement, bolted through the window into the arms of her expectant swain, who conducted her with protestations of eternal love to a covered car, intending to carry her to Kingstown, and thence to Liverpool Off they went, and Paddy, elated by the dex-

terity of his scheme, prepared a letter for old Steeplechase, which he threw in at Biddy's window.

The steamer soon wafted them to Liverpool, and thence they posted off, as fast as horses could carry them, to their destination.

The next morning early old Steeplechase knocked at his daughter's door, and receiving no answer and becoming alarmed, he applied his shoulders, and in a twinkling forced an entrance. But the bird had flown. Paddy's letter lay on the floor before him. He took it up and read as follows :—

Dearest Dad Elect—Don't be in a pet at being diddled. We have got, at least, fourteen or fifteen hours start of you ; so you need not waste your time and money in pursuit. I am going to be married at Paris, and to do the thing genteelly, so that the family will have no cause to be ashamed of it. As what is done can't be undone, I beg you will send me, for my Biddy's sake, a letter of credit on Paris, as I have only just cash enough for the journey. I am your dutiful son in-law elect. P. O'DANDY.

"Stole away!" roared out old Steeplechase with a tremendous oath. "Thrown out! jockeyed by that d—d puppy! But stop; let us have a look at the country;" said he, as he snatched up a map. After a moment's consideration, a loud tally-ho! proclaimed his rising hopes, that he should yet overtake the fugitves. "Lynch," said he, "harness the black mare with all speed. Ah, the puppy! he wont jockey an old sportsman so easy." In such exclamations he vented his feelings till the mare was brought to the door, and then he drove to Kingstown, which he reached just time to step on board the Bristol steamer. On his arrival at Bristol he posted without stopping at Southampton, where he found the steamer which runs from that place to Havre de Grace. An offer of £50 induced the Captain to put to sea with all possible expedition, and in the course of a few hours he landed at Havre. Hence his journey to Paris was quickly made. He then took up his station at Meurice's, and, having refreshed himself, quietly waited the arrival of the runaways.

In due time up drove, with furious haste, a rumble-tumble French carriage, containing the enamored pair. Paddy handed out his prize, full of triumph and exultation, inhaling with delight the tickling sounds of *Milor Anglais* from the postillions. But suddenly appeared the horrible vision of old Steeplechase. Miss Biddy went admirably through the regular form of a loud scream, adroitly fainting into the arms of a handsome French *Garcon*, who stood near her. As for Paddy, he was almost petrified with horror. He seemed as though he would gladly have disappeared. Trembling and pale he glanced fearfully on the huge hunting whip which portentously swung to and fro in the fist of old Steeplechase, who stood quietly with his arms a-kimbo in front of poor Paddy, enjoying his terror and confusion. At length to his inexpressible relief, old Steeplechase, in a tone of mock gravity, thus addressed him—"Dearest, not elect, son-in-law, don't be in a pet at being diddled. When you want to get start of an old fox-hunter, take care that you know the country over which the sport lies. Now find the shortest way back to Dublin—troop!"

Paddy needed no more, he turned upon his heel, and scarcely felt the heavy kick of old Steeplechase's boot, which, applied to his rear, lifted him nearly three feet from the ground. The old gentleman leisurely returned with his daughter; and report says that Paddy O'Dandy was seen at Kingstown, sneaking out as a steerage passenger from the Bristol steam packet, shorn of all his beams, having pledged, at Southampton, all he could pledge to pay the expense of his passage home.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

What I like to see, and what I dislike to see.

I like to see young ladies, after they have left school, possess sufficient modesty to keep them out of the streets, and not expose themselves to the gaze of the idlers, who have nothing to do, but stand at the corners and make remarks. The brightest gem ceases to attract admiration, when seen too often.

I like to see the waist of a lady, as the hand of her creator made it; and not laced as if to correct deformity. Artifice may please the vulgar, but men of sense despise it.

I like to *see young* ladies lead the fashion of their sex. Married ladies have enough to do if they will attend to their husbands and children. *Old* ladies look ridiculous in gay attire, and should consult their ease more than fashion.

I like to see a lady's cheeks their natural color. Paint is easily detected, and is sure to disgust those whom it was intended to captivate.

I dislike to see young ladies blush at double entenders—they should never put any immodest construction on any thing that is said. If there is any thing to blush at, leave the room, or for conscience sake affect ignorance.

I dislike to see married ladies walking the streets with men, other than their husbands. It looks ugly; therefore, ladies do not practice it. The world is censorious, and the least you give it to talk about the better.

I dislike to see young fops staring about in church, and smiling at every lady who chances to look at them. Quit it, boys, for be assured it is nothing to your credit.

I dislike to see married men going to taverns and beef steak houses. It looks as if "happiness dwelt not at home."

PRACTICAL WEATHER TABLE.

We publish the following Weather Table of the celebrated astronomer, William Herschell, for the amusement or benefit of our readers. It is of great reputation, and is now nearly out of print.—*Al. Gaz.*

HERSCHELL'S TABLE,

Constructed upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the SUN and MOON in their several positions respecting the EARTH, and confirmed by the experience of many years' actual observation, will, without trouble, suggest to the observer, what kind of weather will most probably follow the Moon's entrance into any one of her quarters: and that so near the truth, that in very few instances, will it be found to fail. Hence, the nearer the time of the Moon's entrance, at full and change and quarters, is to midnight (that is, within two hours before or after midnight) the more fair the weather is in summer; but the nearer to noon, the less fair. Also, the Moon's entrance at full, change and quarters, during six of the afternoon hours, viz. from 4 to 10, may be followed by fair weather; but this is most dependent on the wind. The same entrance during all the hours after midnight, except the two first, is unfavorable to fair weather—The like nearly may be observed in winter.

If it be New or Full Moon, or the Moon enters into the first or last quarter at the hour of 12 at noon	Between the hours of	WINTER.	SUMMER
Afternoon,	2 and 4	Snow or rain.	very rainy.
	4 — 6	Fair and mild.	Changeable.
	6 — 8	Fair.	Fair.
	8 — 10	Fair and frosty, if N. or N. E. Rain or snow, if S. or S. W.	Fair, if wind N. W. or S. Rainy, if S. or S. W.
	10 — midnight	Ditto.	Ditto.
Midnig.	2	Fair and frosty.	Fair.
Forenoon,	2 — 4	Hard frost, unless wind, S. or S. W.	Fair.
	4 — 6	Snow, and very stormy.	Cold, with frequent showers.
	6 — 8	Ditto.	Rain.
	8 — 10	Stormy.	Wind and Rain.
	10 — 12	Cold rain if W. Snow if E.	Changeable.
		Cold, with high wind.	Frequent showers.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

If our readers find as much pleasure, as we have ourselves in the perusal of the following article from the National Intelligencer, they will readily pardon the space it occupies. It is merely a description of the public procession at the city of Washington, on the late anniversary of our National Independence. This procession we think from the description of it, must have been a more interesting spectacle than any other to be found in the country on the return of that joyous day. We have never heard of a more happy ceremony amidst the routine of these celebrations than one of those observed at Washington, viz. the working of a printing press in the midst of the procession, as it moved through the city, throwing off copies of the Declaration of Independence, and distributing them among the surrounding multitude.—*E. Argus.*

The Procession, on the occasion of the Anniversary, would have been any where considered a handsome one, but, being our first attempt at any thing like a regular procession, was of remarkable length, and presented really an interesting and splendid appearance. At the head of it appeared, on horseback, the Marshal of the day, Col. Brearley, who was distinguished, as were each of the other Marshals, by a ribbon sash. He was accompanied by the Assistant Marshals, Ch. Neale, Esq. late Mayor of Alexandria, and Capt. Corcoran, of Georgetown. The fine band of the Marine Corps came next, playing patriotic airs, and was followed by the Marine Corps itself, in its beautiful uniform, which we have always admired, as uniting elegance and simplicity. The Orderly Sergeant attached to the public offices followed the Marines, and were succeeded by the Georgetown Rifle Company, and several other uniformed corps whose names we were unable to learn. Then came the plain and simple chariot of the President, where he sat, attended by George Hay, Esq. An open landau followed, in which were seated his Secretaries, Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun. Next to them came the Ministers of Foreign Governments resident here. Here also the veteran soldier, General Stuart, in the uniform he has honored, and wearing the sword he wore in the Committee of the Revolution, attended by the Committee of Arrangements. These were followed by the Grand Lodge and the members of the several Masonic Lodges of the District, with proper officers, and all distinguished by blue scarfs, with aprons, and the usual insignia. After them came the President, Professors and Students of the Columbian College; followed by the Washington Benevolent Society, with their fine green flag at their head, bearing a golden harp, and wearing a green ribbon at the breast. Next came the Female Scholars of the Academy of Mr. McLee, to whom the city is greatly indebted for his active and efficient exertions to add brilliance to this spectacle. In a car, drawn by an elegant grey horse, was seated one of the young females, appropriately attired with wreath, banner, &c. representing the Genius of Columbia. In another, drawn by two grey horses, were two girls, representing, we believe, Liberty and Independence, with a copy of the Declaration displayed, &c. &c. Then followed a beautiful cavalcade of gentlemen and young boys in uniform, &c. from the same Academy. After them came boys from other schools, under their respective preceptors. A car appeared next, the canopy of which was green, with white top and curtains, surmounted with a flag staff bearing the national ensign; the car, with another carriage, contained thirty-four young ladies, representing the States of the Union, from the school of Mr. Tippet. Then followed the male scholars of Mr. T's. school, who walked in couples, hand in hand. The next part of the procession was the Typographical Society, at the head of which was seen that palladium of our rights and our shield, a FREE PRESS, arched over with evergreen, and surmounted by the blue flag of the Society, with suitable emblems, and the motto,

"Let fire and water, and the air combine,
"And Printing spread o're earth the gifts divine."

As it proceeded, the Press was worked by pressmen in uniform, and continued to throw off impressions of the Declaration of Independence, which were distributed among the spectators. The whole flag of the Society, representing the Columbian Eagle, with a fac simile of the seal of the Society, was borne by a member of the Association. A crowd surrounded the Press, and snatched the sheets as they were thrown off to the wind. An object then appeared, which, by the picturesque appearance, attracted all eyes; it was Smith's shop, upon wheels, containing a forge, and around which several hands, dressed in white, were busily occupied, making their hammers ring, and urging the fire with a huge bellows; the sparks flew and the steel rolled, while the clank of the anvil mingled with the martial sounds of the band. The whole, being decorated with the American colors, afforded no bad emblem of the hardy industry which distinguishes the peace, a people who have exhibited the most daring courage in war. For this ingenious device we were indebted to the ingenuity and enterprize of that well known artizan, Mr. B. KING. The Society of Cordwainers was preceded, in like manner, by a car exhibiting a company of the craft busily occupied in its several employments; and they were followed by a company of Operative Masons and Stone Cutters, with a white flag exhibiting an arch with appropriate supporters and mottos. Next came the Hatters, with appropriate badges and banner. On a substantial carriage, followed the marble capital of a Corinthian Column, elegantly carved; being one of those prepared for the portico of the Capitol, with workmen in the dress and attitude of their business, followed by the members of the craft. This had a beautiful and striking appearance and was highly ornamental to the procession. The association of Plaisterers followed, under a blue banner, and that of the House Painters under a white flag.

A part only of the procession could enter the Capitol; consisting of the Masonic Lodges, and the Washington Benevolent Society.

The scene previous to the formation of the Procession was as picturesque and novel to this part of the country, as the procession itself was imposing. On the spacious plain fronting the President's House, one of the finest grounds in the world for such a parade, was a flag-staff erected, from which a large National Standard proudly floated. Previous to the formation of the column, thousands upon thousands of the citizens gathered upon the ground, and promenaded around the different Societies as they marched on to it. The Procession was formed with more facility than was expected, marched up 17th street, that is, west of the President's House and Public Offices, thence in front of the President's House, where he and his Secretaries were received with the honors due to them, and thence along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. The doors, windows, trees, tops of houses and fences, were filled and crowded with multitudes of persons, principally of the fair sex, who cheered the exhibition by the expressions of their approbation.

So succeeded we in the first Civic Procession in WASHINGTON.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Pirates!—We learn by the Fair American; from Havana, that the brig Castor, Hood, from Portland, was captured on the 29th June in the mouth of the harbor of Matanzas, by a piratical vessel, which carried her into a small bite about half way between that place and Havana, and brought her to an anchor. They then robbed her of nearly all her cargo, consisting of lard, soap, candles and butter, all her spare sails, rigging, kedge hawser, and both boats. The captain and crew were then stripped of all their clothing, and severely beaten with cutlasses. Her cables were then cut, and she went into Havana.
N. Y. Gaz.

From New-Orleans.—By the steam ship Robert Fulton, the editors of the Gazette have received papers of the first inst. The Eagle steam-boat just arrived there in 5 days from St. Louis, brought information that the waters from the upper country were rapidly on the rise.—The Missouri, above its junction with the Missisippi, was five feet higher than ever before known. At St. Louis it was nine inches higher than last year, and still swelling. Rain had fallen continually for ten days, and a great portion of the state of Illinois was reported to be inundated. The Ohio was also on a rise.—There was serious alarm at Natches and New-Orleans, as the rising had comenced at the former place.
N. Y. Gaz.

Gen. Lafayette.—The Hon. James Lloyd, it seems, has "outrun the city authorities of Boston in the race of good feelings" which the expectation of a visit from Lafayette has excited. We perceive by the Centinel that Mr. Lloyd has communicated to the City Council a letter from the general accepting an invitation given him to make Mr. L's. house his residence during his visit to Boston. Mr. L. at the same time extends, to his fellow citizens an invitation to pay their respects to this distinguished hero and patriot at his house. We perceive also that this monopoly is not relished in Boston. A writer in the Courier objects to its strenuously, thinks he should be the guest of the city and not of an individual, and entreats the city rulers to enter into a treaty with Mr. Lloyd to yield his guest to the better claims of his fellow citizens.

Fire!—The house of widow Goodwin of this town took fire on Thursday last, at about 5 o'clock, P. M. and was entirely consumed. It was considered the most valuable house in the town on the east side of the river. The furniture was saved. *Hal. Adv.*

BOOKS & MAPS.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

Character of Charles James Fox;
Examination of Aaron Burr;
Trial of Joshua Nettles and Elizabeth Conner for murder.
Report of the trial of Richard H. Rowen for a libel.
Also.....Map of Greece and Italy—Palestine Ancient Egypt—Persia—Asia Minor, and of the world.

☞The above Books and Maps will be sold at a discount of fifty per cent, if applied for in a few days.

ALSO, JUST RECEIVED.

The *MAINE TOWN OFFICER*, containing the powers and duties of town, plantation and parish officers, with all the necessary forms, according to the Laws of Maine—with much other useful matter. Second edition; revised, corrected and much enlarged.
Also.....A new edition of the history of Robinson Crusoe with plates.
Also....."A Letter to a friend," by the late George Thatcher, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.
Thacter's Journal.—Life of Otis, &c.
Paris, July 29, 1824.

WHEREAS MARY-ANN, my wife, has, without any just cause, left my board and lodgings, and carried with her her daughter, Olive Jane, and her father has carried away her goods, furniture, &c. without any difficulty between us, for I have done all in my power to make her comfortable—This, therefore, is to forbid all persons trusting or harboring them on my account, as I am resolved not to pay one cent on their account after the third instant, the day she went away. And when they see cause to bring the said child to me, I shall endeavor to take care of and provide for her. GRINFILL FISHER.
Livermore, July 8, 1824. *

Hebron Academy.

THE spring term at this school will close the 21st inst. The fall term will commence the third Wednesday of August next, and will continue under the care of Mr. COBURN, whose experience in teaching, and whose attention to his scholars are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to those that may attend his instruction.

☞Board from a dollar to a dollar thirty-three cents per week.
July 17, 1824. 6w

JEREMIAH HASKELL,

SIGN OF THE GILT HAT,
No. 7 Exchange-street.....Portland,

KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Superfine, Fine, and low-priced* BEAVER, CASTOR and IMITATION

HATS,

ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO,
IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys FELT HATS.
Portland, June 28, 1824. 3m.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Township and Tracts of unimproved LAND, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State tax for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, viz.

Township No. 1, first Range,			$5 01
do.	No. 2, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 3, 2d	do.	6 91
do.	No. 3, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 4, 3d	do.	4 73
do.	No. 5, 3d	do.	5 11
do.	No. 4, 4th	do.	5 18
do.	No. 4,		4 50
do.	No. 7,		4 95
do.	No. 1, Letter A,		5 89
do.	No. 2, Letter A.		6 41
Bradley's and Eastman's Grant,			4 80
Fryeburg Academy Land,			4 19

I hereby give notice, that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of said Townships and unimproved LAND, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on *Monday, the twenty-third day of August next*, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Sheriff of Oxford County.
Hebron, July 1, 1824. *6w.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY caution the public against purchasing a Note of hand, signed by Scot Thombs, (bearing date July the first, A. D. 1823, for fifty-five dollars, payable in the month of March, A. D. 1825, on interest after the first day of March instant, and by me endorsed) on my responsibility as endorser; as I endorsed the same not accountable, and am determined not to pay the same provided it be not paid by the signer—the word "*not*," having been erased over my name since I endorsed the same.

EBENEZER DANIELS.
Paris, March 11, 1824.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the late firm of *GOODALE, GLAZIER & Co.* are requested to pay the same without the *least delay*, as their notes and accounts will be out of the *possession* of the subscriber in a few days. ASA BARTON, Agent.
Paris, July 22, 1824.

PORTLAND AND PARIS

MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week.

It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: *Westbrook, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway* and arrive at *Paris* same day.

☞Every Saturday it will pass through *New-Gloucester* and *Minot*, going from *Portland*; and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE.

On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.

From Portland to		*Gray,*	$1 00
"	"	*Poland,*	1 25
"	"	*Hebron,*	1 50
"	"	*Norway,*	1 80
"	"	*Paris,*	2 00

On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.

From Portland to		*Gray,*	$1 00
"	"	*New-Gloucester,*	1 37
"	"	*Minot,*	1 50
"	"	*Poland,*	1 50
"	"	*Hebron,*	1 75
"	"	*Norway,*	2 00
"	"	*Paris,*	2 25

☞Those who wish for passage in the above line, or to entrust busness to the care of the subscriber, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S *Stage Tavern*, in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.

The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitted exertion can effect shall be left unaccomplished to entitle him to a share of public patronage. JAMES LONGLEY.
Paris, July 1, 1824.

CORONER'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. JUNE 29, 1824.

TAKEN by execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. in Paris, in said County, on Monday the second day of August next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption, that BENNET PUMPILLY, Jr. of Buckfield, in said County, has in redeeming the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in Turner, in said County, being the westerly half of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-four, and also one fourth part of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-five. Said land was mortgaged to William C. Whitney, Esq. for the sum of four hundred dollars, by deed dated Nov. 24, A. D. 1821, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said county, Volume 19, page 389—reference thereto being had for a more full description.

LEVI RAWSON, Coroner.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss. JULY 20, 1824.

TAKEN on execution, and will be sold at public vendue at the tavern of JOSHUA SMITH, Esq. in Norway, in said County, on *Monday, the twenty-third day of August next*, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption that Col. Amos Town, of said Norway, has in redeeming the following described real estate, situated in said Norway, being the westerly part of the twelfth lot, in the first range of lots, situated in that part of said Norway, which was formerly called Cummings' Gore, or Grant containing about forty acres. Said land was mortgaged to Increase Robinson of said Norway, for the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, by a deed dated September 23d, A. D. 1823, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, Volume 22, page 396—reference thereto being had for a more full description.

JOHN BONNEY, *Deputy Sheriff.*

THE OLIO.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

Lines, written on seeing an aged man.

I saw thee, with thy *brow* of age,
Thy weary step, and frosty hair,
And mark'd the deep and numerous lines
T'were pencil'd by the hand of care.

I mark'd the dignity which years
Had added to thy manly form,
And the dark eye, though sunk and dim,
Which spoke a heart with *goodness* warm.

Yes; there was mildness in that eye,
Which seem'd to say it hop'd for Heaven,
And, trusting in a Saviour's love,
Had seen its faults, its sins, forgiv'n.

My own old age, (if God should spare,)
Would it be mark'd with grace like thine?
A grace that *time* can ne'er impair,
Stampt on it by a power divine.

Lord, aid me to renounce those faults
That shadow every earthly scene,
Depend on thee for my support—
Then my old age will be *serene*.

OITHONA.

Paris, July, 1824.

HYMN.—(*selected.*)

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born joy of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimn'd your sight.

Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beautious pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn, exulting, springs,
And Evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE WORLD.

From the French of Massillon.

What is the World, even to those who love it, who are intoxicated with its pleasures, and who cannot live without it? The world! it is a perpetual servitude, where no one lives, for himself alone, and where if we strive to be happy, we must kiss its fetters and love its bondage. The world! it is a daily revolution of events, which create in succession, in the minds of its partizans the most violent passions, bitter hatreds, odious perplexities, devouring jealousies, and grievous chagrins. The World! it is a place of malediction, where pleasures themselves carry with them their troubles and afflictions. In the world there is nothing lasting; nor fortunes the most affluent—nor friendships the most sincere—nor characters the most exalted—nor favors the most enviable. Men pass all their lives in agitations, projects and schemes; always ready to deceive, or trying to avoid deception; always eager and active to profit by the retirement, disgrace or death of their competitors; always occupied with their fears or their hopes; always discontented with the present, and anxious about the future; never tranquil, doing every thing for repose and removing still further from it. Vanity, ambition, vengeance, luxury, avarice—these are the virtues which the world knows and esteems. In the world, integrity passes for simplicity; duplicity and dissimulation are meritorious. Interest the most vile, arms brother against brother, friend against friend—and breaks all the ties of blood and friendship; and it is this base motive which produces our hatreds and attachments! The wants and misfortunes of a neighbor find only indifference and insensibility, when we can neglect him without loss, or cannot be recompensed for our assistance. If we could look into two different parts of the world—if we could enter into the secret detail of anxieties and inquietudes—if we could pierce the outward appearance which offers to our eyes only joy, pleasure, pomp and magnificence; how different should we find it from what it appears! We should see it destitute of happiness—the father at variance with his child—the husband with his wife—and the antipathies, the jealousies, the murmurs, and the eternal dissention of families. We should see friendships broken by suspicions, by interests, by caprices; unions the most endearing dissolved by inconstancy; relations the most tender destroyed by hatred and perfidy: fortunes the most affluent producing more vexation than happiness; places the most honorable not giving satisfaction, but creating desires for higher advancement—each one complaining of his lot, and the most elevated not most happy.

From the Franklin Monitor.

ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The establishment of the Christian Religion among men, is the greatest of all miracles. In spite of all the powers of Rome; in spite of all the passions, interests and prejudices of so many nations, so many philosophers, so many different religions; twelve poor fishermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, published and spread their doctrines throughout the world. In spite of a persecution of three centuries, which seemed every moment ready to extinguish it; in spite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of persons of all conditions, sexes and countries; the truth in the end triumphed over error, pursuant to the predictions both of the old and new law.

A powerful conqueror may establish by his arms the belief of a religion which flatters the sensuality of men; a wise legislator may gain himself attention and respect, by the usefulness of his laws; a sect in credit, and supported by the civil power, may abuse the credulity of the people: All this is possible—But what could victorious, learned and superstitious nations see, to induce them so readily to follow Jesus Christ, who promised them nothing in this world but persecutions and sufferings? who proposed to them the practice of morality, to which all darling passions must be sacrificed? Is not the conversion of the world to such a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greatest of those which some refuse to believe?

It cannot be charged to us as a sin, that a thought of what is evil has passed through our minds. It is in cherishing those thoughts till they become wishes, and those wishes till they ripen into actions, that guilt consists; and there cannot be a higher or nobler effort of virtue, there cannot be a stronger proof of our love to God, and our aspirations after the purity and perfection of his nature, than that we should banish the thought, and conquer the desire of evil as soon as it rises within us.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one than another; and he is more at ease that takes it up than he that drags it.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Extract from a sermon of S. F. Jarvis, D. D. rector of St. Paul's church, Boston.

The wind is invisible, and superior to our control. We know nothing of its existence and its operations, but by its effects. We see the clouds driven by its force; we hear it sighing among the leaves of the forest; we feel its refreshing coolness. Sometimes it seems to be suspended; and we should almost doubt of its existence, if we did not perceive the thistle's down to be floating gently along its current. It is so with the operations of the Spirit of God upon the soul of man. We know its presence by its effects. We are told, that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." When we feel these holy motions, we may be sure, that the Spirit of God is breathing upon our hearts. And even when the corrupting pleasures and occupations of the world have deadened its influence, and all, that is holy, seems to be expiring in the soul, there may still be some gentle, undulating motion, some solitary and some slight act of goodness, which will show, that the divine principle of life is not wholly spent, that the sinner may yet revive, and be saved.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

CROPS—IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS.

It may always be remarked, that no *crop will succeed immediately adjoining woodland.* Many are under impressions that this failure is caused by the heat of the sun being in some measure excluded by the shade of the timber—others are of opinion it is occasioned by the exhaustion of the roots of the trees. The following experiments have convinced me that the latter is alone the cause. A few years ago there stood in my garden several luxuriant willow trees, adjacent to a square in which, cabbages were usually planted. For several years I observed that the cabbages for several steps from the trees, and beyond the shade, were much inferior to the rest of the square though the soil was equally manured. I then dug a semi-circular ditch near the trees, so as to cut all the willow roots running into the square of cabbages—and the succeeding crop I was gratified to find was fully equal, and indeed rather superior nearest the ditch, notwithstanding the shade. I then repeated the experiment on a larger scale. I have a field which extends along the east side of a piece of very tall and large timber about the distance of 400 yards: the produce of this field for the width of 20 steps or more along the side of the timber was scarcely any thing. I then dug a ditch about two feet deep, so as to cut all the roots on the side next the field. From its situation the sun could shine on the part of the field joining the woodland, very little after the meridian, yet the crop of corn and wheat quite up to the ditch was fully equal to that in any part of the field of equal quality of soil. The difference between the growth of weeds of different kinds, higher than the fence, and very thick. On the bank next to the timber, the growth of weeds of the same kinds was extremely scattering and small, and not more than one third the height of those on the opposite bank, although only two or three feet distant. I am so well satisfied with these experiments that I shall, as often as convenient, repeat them in every situation where it may be advantageous to do so—and I am convinced the benefits derived from ditching in such situations will very soon repay the labor and expense of doing it.

N. Y. paper.

Lambs.—Whoever will apply an ointment made of gunpowder, brimstone, and common grease, behind the necks of their lambs, will be sure of having them preserved from all kinds of vermin. The quantity necessary to be made use of is so small, that a sixpenny-worth is sufficient to dress upwards of two hundred lambs.

To cleanse the Teeth and improve the Breath.—To 4 ounces of fresh prepared lime water add 1 drachm of Peruvian bark, and wash the teeth with this water in the morning and evening, before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually destroy the tartar on the teeth, and remove the offensive smell arising from those that are decayed.

PATRIOTISM AND INTEGRITY.

GENUINE HEROISM.

When the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child—the child from the father; cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height, when it thus destroys every generous feeling—thus dissolves every tie of humanity? The city become a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled, in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided, unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and misterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develope—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly, a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose, and said, firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I promise, in the name of humanity and religion that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy, religion can inspire, acted up to his word. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night, received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague, in his house, within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at day-break shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected; kneeling before the corpse, he wrote—"Mouldering tenement of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy: thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou thyself hast inspired." He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterward sought the Lazareto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who, to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks—since he advances with hope at least, sustained, admired and seconded by a whole army.—*N. Intelligencer.*

A SINGULAR EXAMPLE OF INTEGRITY.

From President Dwight's 'Travels in New-England and New-York.'

Among the prisoners taken by the Americans at the battle of Hoosac was an inhabitant of Pittsfield, in the county of Berkshire, a plain farmer named Richard Jackson. The man had conscientiously taken the British side in the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his Sovereign. Hearing that Colonel Baum was advancing with a body of troops towards Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to this corps. Here he was taken, in such circumstances as proved his intent beyond every reasonable doubt. He was besides honest to deny it. Accordingly he was transmitted to Great-Barrington, then the shiretown of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of General Fellows, high Sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county gaol. This building was at that time so infirm, that without a guard no prisoner could be kept in it who wished to make his escape. The escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Richard's idea of right, and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done had he been in his own house. After he had lain quietly in gaol a few days, he told the Sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the day time, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The Sheriff had become acquainted with his character, and readily acceeded to his proposal. Accordingly Richard went out regularly during the remainder part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring until the beginning of May, and every night returned at the proper hour to the gaol. In this manner he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception besides Sabbath through the whole period.

In the month of May he was to be tried for high treason. The Sheriff accordingly made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where his trial was to be held. But he told the Sheriff that it was not worth his while to take the trouble, for he could just as well go alone, and it would save both the expense and the inconvenience of the Sheriff's journey. The Sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal, and Richard commenced his journey—the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken in the same way for the same object. In the woods of Tyringham he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom I had this story. 'Whither are you going?' said Mr. Edwards. 'To Springfield, Sir,' answered Rich, 'to be tried for my life.' Accordingly he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the Sheriff of Hampshire, was tried, found guilty and condemned to die.

The Council of Massachusetts was at this time the supreme executive of the State. Application was made to the board for pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them. The question was then put by the President, "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson." The gentleman who first spoke observed that the case was perfectly clear; the act alledged against Jackson was unquestionably high treason; the proof was complete. If a pardon be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. In the same manner spoke those who followed him. When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, he told his story, with those circumstances of particularity, which, though they are easily lost from memory, and have escaped mine, give light and shade, a living reality, and a picturesque impressiveness, to every tale which is fitted to enforce conviction, or to touch the heart. At the same time he recited it without enchantment, without expatiating, without any attempt to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force. The Council began to deliberate. One of the members at length observed, 'Certainly such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows.' To his opinion the members unanimously assented. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Richard returned to his family. Never was a stronger proof exhibited that honesty is wisdom.

ANECDOTES.

INDIAN JURISPRUDENCE.

The Cherokees, it is said have established something like a judiciary system, and introduced into their society, many of the laws and usages of civilization. Some of their savage institutions are disappearing under the ameliorating influence of moral Justice. Bigamy, we understand, is done away with, and prohibited by severe penalties. As a specimen of the manner in which they dispense Justice in cases of trivial import, we relate the following anecdote, said to be authentic.

An Indian assaulted another, of which regular information was made. The Judge ordered the sheriff to bring the parties before him. The sheriff went in pursuit of them, but returned without them. "Where are your prisoners?" said the Judge. "I caught them," replied the sheriff. "What did you do to them?" "I gave the defendant fifteen lashes." "What did you do with the plaintiff." "Gave him fifteen too." "What with the informer, or witness?" Why I gave him twenty-five lashes—for had he held his tongue, there would have been none of this fuss and trouble.—It would be well if all the dispensations of justice could be so equally and promptly administered.

Sav. Museum.

It is reported of lord chief justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, that being once upon the bench at the old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his former companions. Curiosity induced him to inquire the fortune of his old associates, and asked him what was become of Tom such a one, and Jack such a one. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, replied, "*Ah my lord, they are all hanged, but your lordship and I.*"

A very silly fellow once observing in company, that it was a great gift to keep a secret, such a gift as he wished to obtain. "I can put you in the way to acquire it," said one that stood by: "do but hold your peace, and then you will conceal a secret of some consequence to you; for then you would not let any body know you are a fool."

Dr. P. an Irish parson, and a remarkably ordinary man in his person, having a neat personage-house, very conveniently furnished, was one day showing it to Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated bishop of Cloyne. "Well, my lord," says the doctor, after they had returned to the dining parlour, "you see what a nice *marriage trap* I have got here." "Why, yes, doctor," says the bishop, looking him full in the face, "I see you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will relish the *bait.*"

A young priest, of greater pertness than wit or learning, being asked in company, how he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church? Because, said he, the Lord had need of me. *That may be,* replied a gentleman present; *for I often have read that the Lord once had need of an ass.*

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife asked what he meant? he said to hang his hat on. "Good Lord," says she, "*cannot you keep your hat on your own head.*"

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him and desired him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. "Speak quickly then," said he, "Pray, husband, if you will needs drown yourself, take my counsel, *to go into a deep place:* for it will grieve my heart to see you a *long time dying.*"

Dean Swift, having dined one day at a lord mayor's feast in Dublin, was teazed by an opulent boisterous, half-intoxicated squire, who happened to sit next him: he bore the awkward railer for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the mayor, "*My lord, here is one of your bears upon my shoulders; I desire you will order him to be taken off.*"

A person being seated at a table between two *Tailors,* and wishing to cast a slur upon them, said, "how prettily I am fixed between two Tailors." To which a gentleman opposite observed, that they ought not to be ridiculed, for being new beginners and very young in business, they could not afford to keep more than one *goose* between them.

A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran, "I have called Noah;" but, forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length, an Arab cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

An Irish jockey, once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse? "Why, sir, (he replied,) whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

Advantage of Ignorance.—The following circumstance took place in a neighboring town, a short time since. A fellow hearing there was a letter for him in the Post Office, accordingly went for it. On the Post-Master's handing it to him, he frankly confessed he could not read, and requested the Post-Master to open it, and let him know the contents, which he very readily did. After getting all the information he wanted, he knowingly shrugged up his shoulders, thanked him for his politeness, and drily observed, *When I have some change I'll call and take it.*

Negro Politeness.—In some parts of our country it is customary for squires and clergymen, after performing the ceremony of marriage, to request the *groom* to salute the *bride,* and a compliance is considered as a prelude to a general round of salutations among the company. Some time since, a negro led his bride, with many "unseen blushes," before a Pennsylvania squire to get married. This matrimonial blacksmith had a practice, on all such occasions, to invite the parties, after his judicial benediction, to take the customary salute. As soon, therefore, as he had pronounced them "one flesh," and denounced those who should *part them,* he desired the groom, as usual, to salute his bride. Sambo who was at once both humble and accommodating, had no idea of taking the start of his betters in their presence, and therefore to avoid the imputation of impudence, and also to evince his gratitude for the services rendered him, took his bride by the hand, led her forward to the squire, and making a very obsequious bow, replied—"*after you, sir.*" It is said that this *tyer of knots* never repeated this request afterwards.